129

AN EXCELLEN BALLADT,

INTITULED

The Gaberlunzie-Man.

(1)

THE silly poor Man came o'er the Lee,
With many Good-day and Good-even to thee,
Seeking Help for Courteſie,
O lodge a silly poor Man, *&c.*

(2)

The Night was cald he was all wet,
And down beyond the Fire he ſate,
He took the Meal-Pocks off his Back,
And he began to ſing, *&c.*

(3)

I wiſh ſays ſhe I were as white,
As ever the Snow lay on the Dyke,
It's *I* wou'd dreſs me Lady like,
And with thee wou'd I gang, *&c.*

(4)

O quoth he, and ye were as black,
As e're the Crown of my Father's Hat,
You ſhou'd ly down at my Back,
And away with you I'd gang, *&c.*

[5]

And there the two made up the Plot,
And roſe a little before the Cock,
So cunningly ſhe ſhut the Lock,
And to the Fields they're gane, *&c.*

[6]

Now Staff and Steel to wone thy Bread,
And Spindle and Whorle to ſpin a Threed,
Says ſhe it is a gentle Ttade indeed,
And away with thee I'll gang, *&c.*

[7]

So in the Morning the Good-wife roſe,
And ſlowly puts ſhe on her Clothes,
And to the Servant Laſs ſhe goes,
Where lyes the ſilly poor Man, *&c.*

[8]

She went to the Place where the poor Man lay,
The Sheets was cold, he was away,
And ay ſhe ſays a dooleful Day,
For I fear he's done me harm.

(9)

Some ran to Coffers ſome ran to Chiſt,
All was there, Nothing was miſt;
And ay ſhe cry'd, Now Thanks be bleſt,
For he has done no Harm. *&c.*

(10)

She went to the Bed where her Daughter lay,
The Sheets were cold ſhe was away;
And ay ſhe cry'd, A doolful Day!
For ſhe's follow'd the Gaberlouzy Man. *&*

(11)

Some rode upon Horſe, ſome ran upon Foot,
The poor Old Wife ran out of her Wit,
And ay ſhe cries, A doolful Fit!
She's follow'd the Graberlounzie Man. *&*

[12]

When Nine Months were come and gone,
The Begger he came back again,
Seeking Help, for himſelf alone,
As he was a ſilly poor Man. *&c.*

[13]

Say ſhe, I love no Begger alone;
For I had no Daughters, but only one,
And away with a Begger ſhe has gone,
And I wiſt when nor where.

[14]

I ſet him down beyond the Fire,
I gave him all at his Deſire,
And now I may take up my Hire,
For what I got by him.

[15]

O Good-wife, what would you give,
For a Sight of your Daughter alive?
O falſe Lown, I fear it's thee
I wiſh I had thee ſlain.

[16]

No Good-wife, it may not be,
She's better than I got her from thee,
She has a Kinſhine on her Knee.
And a Babe into her Wime.

[17]

As ſhe came riding up the Sand,
And Four and Tewnty at her Hand,
She was the faireſt in the Land;
And ſhe'll go with the Gaberlounzie Man.

FINIS.